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tures, the best of which are "Returning from Evening Service," and "Man and Boy, fishing," both well and strongly painted, and marked by great boldness and freedom of style and execution.

There are many other works of merit in the exhibition, but space forbids a further notice, as it also does a review of the Exhibition of the Pictures of the French Etching Club, now open at Derby Gallery, 625 Broadway, of which I hope to speak at length next week.

"The New York Water Color Society," of which I spoke some weeks since, has been fully organized with the following gentlemen as the chief officers: President, Samuel Colman; Secretary, Gilbert Burling; Treasurer, A. L. Rawson; President of Board of Control, Wm. Hart. Among the members are Messrs. Constant Mayer, Alfred Fredericks, Wm. Craig, J. C. Farrar and others.

The object of the society is to foster a love for water colors in this country, and to accomplish which one or two exhibitions are to be held annually.

As yet this exquisite branch of art has received but little notice among us, but the "New York Water Color Society" hope to show the public that we have good and competent water colorists on this as well as on the other side of the water. They will receive the good wishes of all art lovers in their laudable undertaking, and among others

PALETTA.

LITERARY MATTERS.

"ESSAYS ON ART," BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE. Hurd & Houghton.

A somewhat hasty perusal of Mr. Palgrave's work fully convinces us that it is very clever, and a valuable addition to the art literature of the day; the author writes understandingly on the subject of which he treats, and moreover in a straightforward, common-sense way which is quite refreshing after the present vaguely transcendental style to which we are too often subjected in most of the art criticisms of the present day.

Mr. Palgrave justly says in his preface, that "Art, like poetry, is addressed to the world at large, not to a special jury of professionals: the technical qualities are only means to the public end, and the question which remains always is, how far do they tend to the object of all the Fine Arts,—high and enduring pleasure."

In this spirit the "*Essays on Art*," are written, and written with a clearness and good sense that render them comprehensible to the most casual and uninitiated reader. The larger the number of such books published, the better it will be for public taste; they foster a love for and interest in art which is much to be desired, and tend greatly to elevate the ideas and feelings of the people.

We hope at some future day to give a more elaborate criticism of this valuable work.

THE "Entr' Acte" relates the following: "One day the protector of a very indifferent female singer asked for a favorable notice from Sento, the musical critic. 'Will you beg Mlle X—to sing false to-morrow night in the fourth act?' said the other. 'What,' cried the other, quite astonished; 'what, you dare to ask me that?' 'My good sir,' said the critic, 'you have just asked me to sing false in my notice of her performance.'"

ADIEU!

To Mrs. J. S. C.

Sail on, proud vessel, with thy precious freight,
And bear her safely to the distant isle!
And you, ye breezes, with your balmy airs
Play round her head in tenderness the while!

Great ocean calm thy strife, and tranquil rest,
Put on thy happiest and most pleasant mood,
For o'er thy bosom sails a staunch ship now,
Bearing a lady, excellent and good!

And then, sweet lady, when in distant lands
Thou think'st of friends at home, both tried and true,

Bestow a thought on him who pens these lines
And bids thee God-speed with a sad adieu!

SHUGGE.

THE LOST ARTISTS OF THE "EVENING STAR."

"Gamma," the correspondent of the N. O. *Picayune*, writes the following thrilling account of the scene at the Grand Mass for the French artists, lost in the ill-fated steamer the "Evening Star."

I have just witnessed a distressing scene. The Dramatic Artists' Association here celebrated this morning at St. Roch a mass for the unfortunate artists who perished on the Evening Star. A catafalque was raised at the entrance of the choir. All the artists—lyric and dramatic—in Paris were present. The manager of the French Comedy and Superintendent of the theatres (M. Camille Doucet) were also in attendance. The families of the victims wore deep mourning. The most distressing scenes took place at the close of the service. The widow of poor Clarence, who died here a few weeks since, was so affected by the sobbing cries and moans heard all around her, she was seized with hysterics and had to be carried out of the church. The father of poor Mlle du Mery—who is believed to have been the unfortunate woman who hung on a boat by her hands for several hours—sobbed and moaned in a heart-rending manner, and at last fainted from excessive grief. The families of many of the victims have been plunged into the deepest poverty by the loss of them, on whom they were dependent for their daily bread. I have heard of one old lady whose daughter and son-in-law left their children with her. They went down in the ship, and she, with her poor grand children, (who were entirely dependent on her children) do not know where to procure the means of living. Among the victims was a Mlle Marita Campana, whom fate tried its best to save from death, but the poor girl would rush to her watery grave. She was well known here. She played for some time at the Belleville Theatre; then she went to Constantinople, where she played for a year, and she was engaged there when Mons. Alhaiza enlisted her. She was informed of her engagement to go to New Orleans just in time to quit Constantinople and reach Havre when the company embarked provided she travelled constantly by express trains. She embarked on L'Ilyssus, the French steamship of the Messageries Imperiales. When Marseilles was made, the mistral blew with such violence and the sea was so rough the steamship was unable to

enter the port, and was obliged to take refuge in the harbor of La Ciotat. Mlle Marita Campana then begged the captain of the steamship to allow her to land with the mails and go to Marseilles with them; she explained to him how necessary it was for her to reach Havre on a given, and then very near day. He consented. She reached the Marseilles and Paris railway station after the ticket and baggage offices were closed. She appealed to the station master to allow her to take a place in the train then about to leave, and she wrung consent from him too. She reached Paris after the trans-atlantic steamship had sailed from Havre. She took the railway and reached it just in time to take the Ville de Paris, which bore her comrades to America. The passage of the Ville de Paris was singularly stormy and uncomfortable. She embarked on the ill-fated Evening Star—you know the rest! The person designated on the New York *Herald's* list of passengers as "J. Bonne de Campana," was Mlle Marita Campana's chambermaid, named Josephine.

The same day the Dramatic Association had the mass for the repose of these victims celebrated here, the artists of the Havre Theatre had a similar mass celebrated in their cathedral. They went in procession from the theatre to the church and returned in procession. The municipal authorities at Havre were present at the mass.

Subscriptions are taken up here for the families of the poor victims. Cannot New Orleans—the most generous city in America—open a subscription list, and out of its abundance send to these starving families enough to keep want from the door until time is afforded them to look for occupation? It would gratify me exceedingly (could no other channel be found) to bear in New Orleans's name substantial assistance to the Dramatic Artists' Association here.

LOUIS CLAPISSON.

Few artists ever led a life more agitated, more laborious, or more full of incident than the above-named.

Clapissou (Antonin-Louis) was born at Naples, on the 15th September, 1808, of French parents, who were then in the service of the king, Joachim Murat, but who returned to France after the political events of 1815. It was from his father, himself a composer, a professor at the Conservatory of Naples, and first horn-player at the San Carlo Theatre, that Louis learned the rudiments of his art. Like many distinguished composers, he was a remarkably good performer. When only eight years old, he went through the south of France, under the care of Hus-Desforges, a celebrated violinist, astonishing every one by his precocious talent upon the violin. At an early hour of the morning, our young *virtuoso* might have been seen, principally in the small towns, with a roll of paper under his arm, a small pot of paste in one hand, and an enormous brush in the other, going about and pasting up, here and there, the magnificent posters destined, in the evening, to bring the public to the concert, and their money into his protector's purse, for we must mention that if Clapissou shared the *maestro's* glory, he did not participate in his profits.

The success achieved by the young *virtuoso* attracted the notice of M. Hippolyte Sonnet, a distinguished artist, and author of the music of several ballets performed at that period at Bordeaux. M. Sonnet took an interest in the boy and taught him harmony. A short time after-